

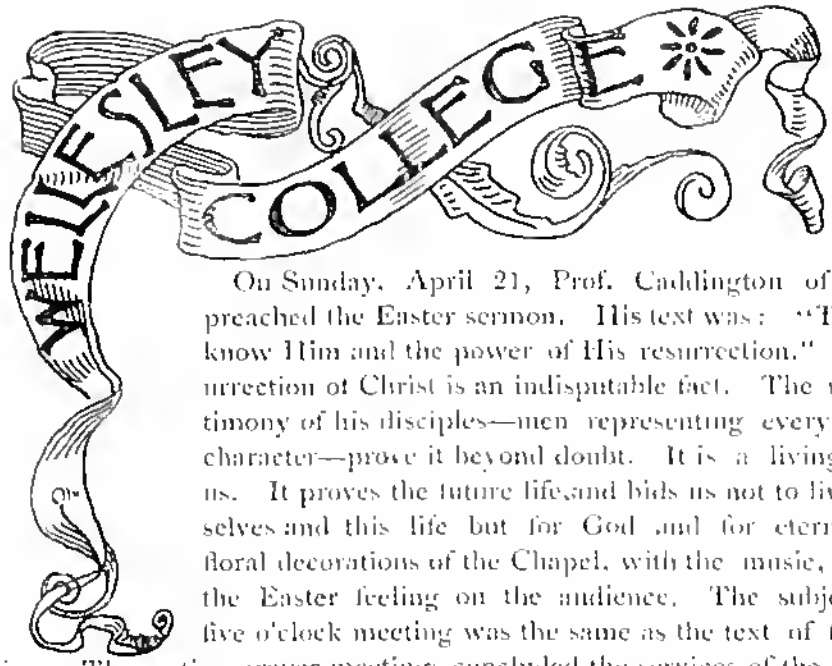
The Courant

College Edition.

VOL. I.—No. 30.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



On Sunday, April 21, Prof. Caddington of Syracuse preached the Easter sermon. His text was: "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection." The resurrection of Christ is an indisputable fact. The united testimony of his disciples—men representing every phase of character—prove it beyond doubt. It is a living fact for us. It proves the future life, and bids us not to live for ourselves and this life but for God and for eternity. The floral decorations of the Chapel, with the music, impressed the Easter feeling on the audience. The subject of the five o'clock meeting was the same as the text of the morning. The section prayer-meetings concluded the services of the day.

Second Lecture on German Literature.

The second lecture on German literature was delivered in the chapel, Saturday, April 20 by Prof. Denio. The ground covered was the period between 1125 and 1500. In opening, the speaker touched upon the importance of the Middle Ages in history, art and literature. The influence of the crusades was felt in literature most decidedly, as evidenced by the growth of the *Minnedienst*, the service of woman, which we find carried to the extreme in the poetry of the *Minnesänger*. Religious poetry was abundant and it is in this field we find our second German authoress. Ava, in her "Life of Christ," was the first woman who used German verse. The translation of a Divine Comedy, written many years before Dante lived, was the work of a priest, Alberich, who gave it also the name "Ludalus." Epic poetry had, in Germany as in all other countries, been the earliest in its development; lyric measures were first used with effect by Friedrich von Hagen and Heinrich von Morungen. The animal-saga played an important part in the literature of the people. It has never ceased to please and we now have in the modern dress given it by Goethe, the tale of "Reinhold, the Fox." We can but mention the three great epic poets, Hartmann von Aue, Gottfried von Strassburg and Wolfram von Eschenbach, who by their wonderful tales gave to their times, in the art-epic, much that had been lost with the people's hero-songs. In the works of Eschenbach we have the sagas of Arthur and of the Grail united with beautiful effect. The lecture closed with a short description of Parzival, the finest of Eschenbach's works.

Mrs. Goodwin's Lecture.

All students of Art who attended Mrs. H. B. Goodwin's lecture on Saturday afternoon, April 20th, were amply repaid by the graceful and interesting account of the wonderful Artist, Michelangelo. Mrs. Goodwin said she could but tremble before a subject so vast, so marvelous as this painter, sculptor, poet and architect who, in the grandeur and nobility of his ideas, surpasses all other artists.

Michelangelo was born in 1474 in the stronghold of Caprese. His father was a member of the powerful Buonarroti family and was podesta of two small cities, one of which was the artist's birthplace. Michelangelo passed much of his childhood in the neighborhood of quarries and in the society of stone-cutters. He was a thoughtful, dreamy boy and would spend hours in the workshops of artists and artisans, when he should have been at school. When he was fourteen years of age, he was apprenticed to Ghirlandajo but the greatest lessons of his life came not from his teachers, but from the indirect influences of the gardens of Leonardo di Medici and from the walls of the Convent of San Marco. In these favorite haunts he found the best examples of Florentine, Venetian and Roman Art. Michelangelo fled to Venice when the fortunes of the Medici were threatened and when he returned to Florence he found his treasures scattered, the Medici flown and the beautiful gardens deserted.

At twenty-one years of age he turned his back upon his native city and in Rome began that great work which has made his name immortal. Michelangelo regarded painting as so far inferior to sculpture and architecture that it was only at the request of princes and popes and for financial gain that he painted at all. However in his painting we find the dignity of sculpture combined with the grandeur of Architecture. Every human passion assumes shape upon his canvases. Only the pen of Dante and the brush of Michelangelo have portrayed the souls of the condemned with such realism as to make us pale and shudder.

As a sculptor Michelangelo stands alone. The Pieta in a chapel of St. Peter's at Rome shows a wonderful knowledge of anatomy. In fact we know that the artist impaired his health through the study of anatomy in dead bodies. His utmost power is displayed in his Moses. It has been called the "Crown of his Strength." It is easy to imagine the Lord of the Universe coming down to earth to converse with such a figure.

Michelangelo stands alone among his contemporaries as magnificent in his isolation as a snow-covered mountain among verdure-covered hills. He had a supreme trust in an over-ruling providence and a firm belief in Christ. He was faithful and just in providing for relatives, generous to servants, tender in his prayers. His life was simple in aim and delicate in feeling. Let us then give Michelangelo full honor and glory for daring and achieving so much.

Mr. Powers' Reading.

As Mr. Leland T. Powers came before the audience on Monday evening, April 22, '89, with his usual ease and dignity, he was greeted with applause. The selections were from "Twelfth Night," and the Master Poet's delicacy of thought and richness of expression were well portrayed.

The sudden transformation from one character to another was marvellous. Each stood distinct. His representations of the faithful Cesario, pleading the love of the Duke to the fair and virtuous Olivia; Maria,

keen, sharp, "an incarnate spirit of mischief;" Sir Toby the relative; silly Sir Andrew; Malvolio centered in egotism, were all of special interest, but Sebastian, the pure young gentleman of Illyria, so calm and yet so strong, gave character to the entire selection.

Mr. Powers certainly has the rare faculty of making each character, for the time being, a part of himself.

The New Art Club.

The second meeting of the Art Club was held Wednesday the 17th, at half past six, in the Art Lecture room. The purpose of the organization is to discuss those art notes which cannot be taken up in the class-room work, and to present such news as may have been gathered during the past week. Some general topics previously given for debate will form the main part of the evening's program, which will be supplemented by criticism and items of interest to all. As yet the Club consists of a president, Miss Meeker, a vice president, Miss Lauderburn, an executive committee, Miss Gates, Miss Reed and Miss Morgan, and those students who pursued this, or last year's course, in History of Art. Next year the members of the Art School will be included.

Last Wednesday's work consisted principally of the discussion of a paper on Japanese Art, presented by Miss Ely; and something concerning art applied to domestic use, as displayed in a beautiful napkin made in Munich, together with a letter from Rome describing a visit to Elihu Vedder's studio, where he is at work for the present, on a "Lazarus."

Prof. Denio has the thanks of the entire college in so successfully starting the club, and the best wishes for its welfare, both in this and succeeding years.

Madame Severn's Reading.

The reading given in Stone Hall parlor, Thursday, April 18, by Madame Ida Severn, in favor of the Elocution department, was very enjoyable. "In Arcadia" finely illustrated elliptical expression, and showed the close relation existing between song and speech. The lower forms of pantomime art were set forth in "A Touch From Nature;" descriptive pantomime, in "The Kitchen Clock." "Easter in a Hospital Bed" was full of exquisite pathos. "Baby's Soliloquy" was enthusiastically received, and his cries were true to life, as all could testify. Madame Severn has studied under Professor Mackye of New York and has a thorough understanding of pantomime art.

Legenda.

EMILIE DE ROCHEMONT.

"Things to be read" translates the Freshman dubitatively with the verb paradigms of her Latin grammar fresh in mind. If such be its meaning, what name could be more comprehensive or possessed of more enduring qualities? It is all-embracing, limited by no circumstances either of time or subject matter, and is not to be restricted to any particular class in College. "Legenda—marvellous, incredible stories, traditions of college life handed down from class to class" interprets the Sophomore freely, with intellect acute and untrammelled by her younger's sister's conscientious desire to "keep close to the original." Our Sophomore friend, too, is right, for wondrous tales, incredible almost, but nevertheless authentic, Legenda will unfold to its readers.

"How appropriate!" says the Junior student of history with eyebrows slightly raised and meditative air, "Legenda—narratives of the lives of saints which it is our religious duty to read." Again we nod assent and ignore the half-hidden thrust.

'89, standing back in silent admiration at the penetration of those who would interpret her "Legenda," can offer nothing better.

College Notes.

The College will observe the national holiday of next Tuesday.

Miss Charlotte Farnsworth, former member of '90, has left College.

Mr. Chas. E. Fay will give an art lecture next Monday evening.

Miss Edna Dean Proctor will speak to the Elocution Department next week Thursday.

Miss Knox and the young ladies of Waban give an At Home next Tuesday from four to seven.

Miss Kin Kato's bright face was seen at the College for a brief period last Friday. She protests that the compositor misread her handwriting and that *amasa* is not intoxicating.

The newly elected editors for the College paper of next year are Miss Barrows, Miss Bock and Miss Lauderburn of '90, Miss Kyle of '91, (Miss Stevens of '91 continuing on the staff) and Miss Bates of '92.

The organization of the Greek-letter societies is proceeding as rapidly as possible, and it is hoped that by another week Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha may be ready to admit their first members. An article explaining the aims and methods of the new societies will appear in the next COURANT.

Married.

April 21, at her home in Newton Center, Miss Harriet M. Pease, '80, to Mr. Edward H. Sashorn.

Our Outlook.

Missouri has just granted school suffrage to women.

The Arkansas Legislature has voted to admit girls to the State University.

A lady, Mlle. G. Cattani, has been appointed *privat-docent* of general pathology in the Faculty of Medicine, Turin.—*Nature*, Feb. 28.

Dr. Annie Sawyer is the only lady physician in Ottawa, Canada. She recently made her first appearance as a lecturer before a crowded audience. Her subject was "Practical Physiology in Relation to Dress."

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, LL. D., is the first woman ever invited to lecture before the Peabody Institute in Baltimore. She is to give six lectures there next December on Egyptian exploration and Græco-Egyptian art.

Shige Kusida, a young Japanese woman who has been doing successful temperance work among her own people, is to be sent to the United States to study the methods here.

A lady in York writes to the London *Methodist Times* enthusiastically commending Mrs. Jenness Miller's "Dress," and wishing there could be an agency for it in England.

In Copenhagen a school dealing with social and political questions has just been opened for women. Among the branches taught are contemporary history since 1848, constitutional law, ethics and psychology.

Mrs. Ella F. Braman, formerly of Boston, but now of 1270 Broadway, New York, has received from Gov. Elihu E. Jackson, of Maryland, her appointment as commissioner of deeds for that State. She now holds that office by appointment of the authorities of thirty-six of the forty-six States and Territories.

This action of so many independent authorities is largely due to the appointment of Miss Minna K. Pollock as commissioner of deeds by the New York Board of Aldermen two years since, and to the wide publicity given that fact. This concurrence of more than three-fourths of the States settles the law, and shows that there is no legal rule excluding women from office.

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

Encouraging to our Editors:

Small boy: I've just been reading the last COURANT aloud to papa.

Editor, smiling complacently: And did he like it?

Small boy: I guess so. He went to sleep.

Editorial Sanctum:

Sub Editor: How do you spell Lasell?

Chief: With a double s. Look it up and if I am wrong, spell it right for me, with a strong accent on the last syllable.

Sub Editor: I have a name for our paper! How would The Wellesley Cycle do?

Chief: Well! We want something distinctively Wellesley in signification.

Sub Editor: Then we will issue it once in three weeks and call it The Wellesley Tricycle.

Seniors engaged upon the Annual: Life is a grind. As the Irishman says, we will do well if we ever get out of it alive.

Pach writes that as he did not have the Senior photography this year, he is consequently unable to afford an advertisement in the Annual. Poor Pach!

The able business manager of the Annual has the heartfelt sympathy of at least one member of the Faculty, Miss Case, who said to her: "Well, when I was in College, I edited the paper for occupation and studied for recreation." Not long after Miss E. displayed her genius for business by entering Miss C.'s class-room with the remark: "Miss Case, I have had no time for recreation to-day."

There was but one ripple to disturb the dreadful solemnity of the mass-meeting, when considering the matter of excuses from chapel.

Miss H., Senior: Is there, I would like to ask, is there one reason why we should *not* hand in our excuses from chapel?

Miss R., Sophomore: Yes, there is one reason, and one only, because we have often no excuses to offer.

One morning after chapel some years ago, the President requested that the students should not come to prayers burdened with books, whereupon Miss Gertrude Chandler, now our missionary to India, remarked to her friends that if the girls were beasts of burden, they were also beasts of pray.

PSYCHOLOGY.

What Vassar thinks:

I've thought about it	This 'ere impression
And, ez for me,	Has gone quite deep
I ain't at all	I sartainly aint
Es fur'z I see,	Awake or asleep.
But them 't aint	But how can them
Don't have no sight,	'At aint, awake
So now I'm in	Or be asleep
A pooty plight.	For massy snake?
But what's a plight	This 'ere discussion
But a giner'al fix,	Don't lead nowhere
And them 't aint	And ef it did,
Aint in that fix,	There aint nothin' there.

—Vassar Miscellany.

ii.

What Michigan University thinks:

O what is the matter with you, lunk girl,
A pale and wild and haggard she?
Oh, don't you know, the old man said,
She's taking Dewey's Psychology.

Once she was fair to look upon,
Fair as a morning in June was she,
And now the wreck you see to-day
Is caused by Dewey's Psychology.

A year had passed, again I strayed
By the Medie's hall; what did I see
But some whittened bones of a girl who died
Taking Dewey's Psychology?

—Michigan Argonaut.

iii.

What Wellesley thinks:

We study no Psychology
After ten at night,
So when we wake at morning
Our eyes are Dewey bright.

We go to recitation
And each one takes her place,
Though to think a chair is no chair
Has also been our Case.

TOO MANY FRIENDS.

S. A. H.

"What has become of Mary G.?" asked one College girl of another the other day.

"Sick—nervous prostration—didn't study too hard, but had too many friends" was the brief response.

"But they were rare noble natures. I think that girl had a knack at getting the best people around her."

"So she had, but you can kill yourself with anything that is good, if you take too much of it."

"Cultivate your friendships, my dear," said an old gentleman to a girl just entering college. "I entered college at a disadvantage, worked my way through and as a consequence was always pressed for time, resented the waste caused by social converse of any kind, and when I graduated I had not a friend in the whole college."

We need friendships; we need one; we need more than one. But we do not need four dozen nor can we well carry on as many as that at one time and retain any private personality. Let us hear what some of the girls take too much of it.

Scene I. Sophomore in main building (discussing with an acquaintance the relative merits of college and cottage.) "No indeed! I wouldn't be out of the building for anything. Why, I shouldn't see my friends once in an age!"

Scene II. Same Sophomore (to room-mate who had been to walk "so that S. could have a nice quiet time to study.") "No, I haven't had one bit. Shall I read you the list of all those who have been here while you've been gone? No. 1—to borrow a book, No. 2—to return a book, No. 3—to see you, No. 4—to see me because you were gone and she knew I would be alone, No. 5—to leave her wraps and say 'How do you do,' No. 6—to get her wraps and say 'Goodbye,' No. 7—to see if I had learned my Greek lesson, No. 8—to study her Greek lesson with me, No. 9—but there's the bell, girls, we've got to go to our fate, come on."

Scene III. Time 9 p. m. Sunday. Place, room of popular teacher in College building. Enter one of her old table girls (a Senior who begins to realize how much "rare companionship" she is going to lose when she leaves Wellesley.)

Popular Teacher—"Would you mind if I ask you to excuse me a few moments, Mary, while I go on writing? I positively have not had a moment to myself to-day."

"How is it that the girls never come into my room as freely as yours?" said one girl to another.

"We're afraid of disturbing you," was the response.

"I took special pains to go there just after dinner, so she wouldn't be at work, and before I had been there five minutes I had been questioned about the respective difficulty of all three of our to-morrow's lessons, had been asked to translate a passage in Greek and had been informed that she didn't see how she ever could learn that long lesson this evening (with a furtive glance at the clock). And she had asked me to come and see her too" said another girl of the "most studious girl" in her class.

No doubt she had and still wanted to see you. But there must be some agreement between us as to time. Why not have "At Home" hours, as busy women do elsewhere? Why not have a P. D. K. sign (Please don't knock) and have it respected? Why, O ye girls out of the buildings, not hang our wraps in the catacombs and study in the library? Why not meet your friend in the morning and say "I want to see you some time to-day; when may I come?" Why not answer her: "I am always in my room during the recess for business and usually for calls after dinner till seven?" Then when you go you will have a chance to see how many others go and to what proportion of her time you are entitled. Why not do all of our studying independently? It is far better for our mental strength. We do not wish to be carried through college. Why not make our exercise the means for the "one with one" kind of acquaintance? Engagements to walk might be made indefinitely, far ahead, if necessary. Why not say frankly, as the Junior did, "I am unusually busy this morning. My thesis is due at 1.30."

On the other hand, why go to your friend's room more than she comes to yours? College women are too nearly on an equality for any need of obsequiousness. In society we should not call six times to our friend's once coming to us. "Whatever we may find to criticize in the present forms of the conventionalities of life, they certainly have a very important function." Why need to know at every moment of the day with whom your friend is and what she is doing? Can you not trust her? You are no true friends if you can not. You are not strong friends if you cannot live without each other. Four free atoms can do twice the work that the same four can do in one or two molecules.

Moreover we need for the sake of breadth a wider acquaintance and fewer cliques. We need to know humanity in all its phases, if humanity is to be any the better for our having been human beings. We do not want to lavish all our affection at the first opportunity and have the fountain dry for the time of real need. "I should like to know her better," said a Senior of a Freshman who would have been both pleased and proud of such an acquaintance if she had thought it possible, "but she is so close with those girls in No. — that I cannot get a chance. I can't have five more friends all at once."

"Why not?" we say, and the answer is because our "friends won't like it." How do you know they won't? If you do not tell them when you do not like their coming, what makes you think that they are going to tell you frankly how much it hinders them to study in a room for four by urgent invitation even of the four? "I never study with anyone" said a girl when she entered college. And she is one of the strongest students in her class to-day. Would it not be as possible to say: "I am going to study by myself *this term*. I find my work is becoming too dependent." Seriously, girls, this constant companionship exhausts our energies and wastes our time. Why not be frank about it? If you are so, your friend will be so with you, and you will come nearer together than you have in all your polite insincerity. Work is one thing, friendship is another and acquaintance is another. Each is necessary, each has its own place and no one can be another.

A BIRD CALENDAR.

April.

A. C. CHAPIN.

April! If you would realize all the possibilities of liquid music in the very name, listen to the red-winged black-bird as he pronounces it.

Shakespeare's natal month and Wordsworth's; the month whose fresh and spicy juices should run in the blood of every true poet.

April, the opener, does indeed open many things which winter had closed and sealed, especially the cabinets of precious odors; not as yet the sweet, flowery odors, but the more subtle and spicy fragrance of swelling buds and catkins, of resinous gums and balsam of pine.

The charm of April is the indescribable charm of first things; the charm of a capricious child whose tears are scarcely less bewitching than her smiles.

The even-tempered robins are not disturbed by April's freaks; when it rains hardest how merrily they laugh!

This month and May are the best for identifying new birds. They are not yet screened by the leaves; no family cares nor noontide heat pre-

vent their singing all day long. A good opera glass is a great help, but nothing can take the place of a good eye and ear. In fact, as Burroughs says: "You must have the bird in your heart before you can see him on the tree."

Have your glass ready, but locate the bird first with your eye, which you will find a much quicker and more accurate instrument with a much broader field. A bird in the bush is worth several in the hand, in spite of the impossibility of making him realize that he ought to sit still and be looked at. Oftentimes when you cannot succeed in obtaining an accurate description of his feathers or his bill or his toes, you may be able to identify him by some other characteristic, some peculiarity of flight, or of hunting for food. Indeed one may have a delightful and intimate acquaintance with a bird without knowing his name, but not without knowing his song.

Almost every bird has various notes; besides his real song, more or less elaborate, he has some short, quick call or whistle, and also little fine twitterings or whisperings under his breath with which he favors only his mate or some close and unexpected listeners. I have caught even the voracious blue jay uttering these sweet nothings. There are a few people in the world who are prepared to affirm that the blue jay has a really beautiful song with which he woos his mate, but that is one of the secrets which has not yet been revealed to me.

Occasionally a strange note will be found to be only a freak of some familiar songster. For example, one spring I observed a robin calling "*chip-poor-will*," with great clearness and emphasis, not at all, however, in the breathless manner of the real whip-poor-will.

It is difficult to draw a sharp line between March and April. This year they overlapped about a week, *i. e.*, the first of April signs came about March 24. Two arrivals were just too late to appear in our last list; the Phoebe and the purple finch. There are two or three others belonging in the April list for whom I have thus far waited in vain. But the other additions for the month are: Golden-winged woodpecker, black and white woodpecker, cow black-bird, pine-creeping warbler, swallow and wax-wing or cedar-bird. The delinquents are the fox-colored sparrow, a magnificent singer who only visits us for a few days while migrating, the field or vesper sparrow and the brown thrush.

The golden-winged woodpecker has about as many names as Bacchus, but this one best describes him, for the quills of his wing and tail feathers are a rich yellow, as well as the under sides of the feathers themselves. He is large and showy, having a red strip on his nape, as every true woodpecker should have, a soft light brown head and breast with a black velvety lunar shield in front, and black polka dots on his under-parts. A large ash-colored spot on his back between the wings is conspicuous in flight. His voice is high and strong and he fills the air with a rapid iteration of one syllable on one key, like *wid-wit-wid*.

The purple finch or linnet is probably the finest singer to be heard before the thrushes and grosbeaks arrive. In fact he is a sort of grosbeak himself. His song is copious and brilliant and often runs on and on in a rill of sweetness until it seems as if he must be out of breath. But he is never out of music, for it wells up and overflows from an inexhaustible fountain. The first time I heard him I thought it was some wren or sparrow gone sweetly mad. His color is rather crimson than purple, much mixed with brown on the back, and pale and often dull on the breast.

The pine-creeping warbler looks as if a gray bird had been held up by the bill, while yellow was poured over him. His traits are a little puzzling, for he runs around the trunk or limb of a tree like a tiny woodpecker and anon darts into the air like a fly-catcher. His song, which has filled our ears now for two weeks, is a sweet but monotonous trill. He is the first of the large and excessively busy family of warblers who will soon fill the trees.

The gold-finches are beginning to sing. They greeted us the other morning from a wide-spreading elm like an orchestra of tiny violins. No other bird seems so suggestive of stringed instruments.

The swallows are a little in advance of their advertised time. They have no song but a twitter,—why should they have? All their joy and harmony are expressed in the exultation of their flight, the very poetry and ecstasy of motion:

"But high she soars thro' air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way."

Greek poetry has a special division of lyrics to or about the swallow, "short swallow-flights of song." Simonides turns aside from writing heroic inscriptions to celebrate this new comer in verse worthy of Philo-mel: "Hail, far-famed messenger of sweet-breathed spring, glossy-blue swallow."

In Rhodes, the Rose-island, choruses of boys sang swallow-songs from door to door, and some of these folk-lyrics have come down to us. One of them begins:

"The swallow is here, is here!
Bringing in the lovely year,
Bringing in the lovely hours,
Open, open the door to the swallow."

Birds At Dawn.

MARION PELTON GUILD, '80.

A lingering ache that will not change nor cease—
A dim entanglement of broken dreams,
Where false is true and truth a shadow seems—
Hark! through the maze glad melodies of peace!
Sing on, sweet birds, across the weary night;
And let the fullness of your rich refrain
Enfold my sense from restlessness and pain,
Until the heavens break forth in hymns of light.

Ay, happy birds, that herald in the day,
My heart shall make you answer, song for song;
What though your night and mine were twice as long!
God's glorious sunshine laughs them both away.

—*Christian Union*, '80.

"The Longest Way Round is the Shortest Way Home."

MAUD MASON, '91.

Last June at the close of school I started for home, equipped with a bag, an umbrella, a racket and a long archery bow. Under the circumstances the shortest and least conspicuous way seemed best, so I determined not to go into Boston, but to take a horsecar at one of the Newtons for Cambridge. Please notice my indefinite mention of the Newtons, which like the sons of Zeruiah for David "are too hard for me."

It was a rainy, muddy day, and I had to run splashing through water to catch the coach. Now that coach was very full, and it was like conquering a fort to squeeze in and dispose of my *impedimenta*. The how attacked vigorously on all sides. If I raised one end of it to save my neighbor's eyes, the other end straightway dug into some one's feet. How those people did seem to pity me and wish me a wider field of action!

As we were all late for the train, I had no time to think which Newton I wished to go to; they were all alike to me, anyway, so I asked for a ticket to Newton Center.

"But you don't want to go"—
"Yes, I do want to go to Newton Center."
"Well, you can't go on this train; you must"—
"Oh, do give me *something* quick!" and I fairly danced with impatience.

The ticket agent gazed on me with a pitying eye, slowly gave me a ticket and said:

"Get off at Auburndale and take"—

But I was running for the train.

Seated in the car, I thought to myself: "What an everlastingly stupid man! why, I never came out to Wellesley in my life without stopping at Newton Center. Maybe this particular express does not stop, though, so I must wait at Auburndale for an accommodation to Newton Center." I began to think how easy it was for a woman to learn to travel well, and how quickly I understood a new route.

We passed several stations and were just moving from another when it dawned on me that that station was Auburndale. I made a grab for my too numerous traps and rushed for the door, my one idea being to get off from that train at any cost. I flattened a small boy against the door and leaped triumphant and breathless to the ground. I was still proudly thinking of the man-like agility with which I followed up my new route, when I discovered that I had left my racket on the train!

Confused as I was, I clung tenaciously to the idea of Newton Center. It seemed the one thing real in life, the one thing worth striving for.

"Ticket for Newton Center, please."

"Yes'm. Train in five minutes."

"Can I telegraph for the racket I have just left on the train?"

"No, the operator is away."

"Then I must go to Boston after my racket."

"Boston train will be along in half an hour."

"Why, I thought you said in five minutes."

"No, that's the Newton Centre train."

"Well, isn't it all the same train?"

"Same train!" By this time the man had made up his mind that I was crazy. "Newton Centre is on the Circuit road, and you want to go to Boston."

I have a fellow feeling for a fraction reduced to its lowest terms. Like the Walrus "I deeply sympathize." Meekly I took my ticket for Boston and sat down for one half hour of reflection, during which I came to two conclusions.

First, that I think I begin to see into the workings of hitherto inscrutable Providence, for if I had not left my racket on the train, I would have wandered away into a lot of new and untried Newtons, a *bonne* from which I might never have returned.

Second, that the next time I wish to go home the shortest way, I will go the very longest possible and save time.

GLIMPSE OF LIFE IN NATAL.

MARION G. TYLER, '83.

By the last American mail I received a package of Wellesley Couriers and in reading them have had so many pleasant memories of College days that I cannot refrain from giving you a glimpse of my own doings in this far away land. Imagine me please this fifteenth day of January sitting before an open window looking out upon green grass, orange trees, La Marque, Cloth of Gold and Damask rose bushes in full bloom. But it is not of these that I wish to write and make the Botanical Department envious, but of a trip I took a few days ago to a native mission station fifteen miles from here.

As it is vacation and our native school teacher was at liberty, I asked him to go with me, and spent a day which I wish you all might have shared. January and February are our warmest months and, knowing we were likely to have a hot day, my guide Boutyise, (which being interpreted denotes Beans) and I had an early breakfast and set off on horseback at 5.30 o'clock. For the first five miles our road lay along a highland which affords a good chance for a gallop. At the end of the highland is a great cliff down which we had to pick our way and I think you would have considered me a good horsewoman could you have seen the wretched stony almost perpendicular road down which my horse went. Notwithstanding the danger of being pitched headlong any moment I could not keep my eyes from the picture before me. It would need a most skillful artist to do justice to the scene. The range of vision extended about thirty miles. Imagine looking or going down, down by a winding foot-path over five hundred feet into a basin full of rounded hills and valleys, down, down until you cross a silver thread of a stream winding its way about, then up, up, more rounded hills and valleys, each growing a little higher than the last and having for a background a most beautiful range of mountains. The valley is so long and wide one is not oppressed with a sense of being shut in, and even in January there was a cool mountain breeze.

Among the mountains in the background are two standing a little distance apart and between them a low, rounded hill looking just like its name, "Isangwana," or "Gateway." Five or six miles from its base, nestled among the hills, lies the mission station which was my destination. I reached the low thatched house surrounded with china and orange trees about 9 o'clock, and was welcomed most cordially by the black pastor and his still blacker wife. Unfortunately their daughters, girls who can speak English well, were away from home, but I was not by any means silent, though all conversation had to be carried on in Zulu. Our horses were turned out to graze, and we entered the sitting room furnished with sofa, chairs and table. Soon a bowl of rich, thickened sour milk was brought in to me, a dish of which none of you would have partaken, I fear, but as I am "to the manner born" it was most refreshing and more cooling than anything we can get in this country, ice cream soda being confined to civilization. After a little conversation with my hostess she proceeded to the potato field, while I visited the grave of the missionary who started the station, and the little school-house and chapel, a corrugated iron building where the thermometer, I am sure, would have recorded 120 degrees F., had there been one. The heat drove me back to the thatched cottage, where I found comparative comfort. I had the list of topics for the week of prayer to give to the pastor, Benjamin Hawes, and we had some earnest talk about his people and work. Then he had a Bible question to ask. Were the "Seventy" whom Christ sent out to preach among those of his disciples who went back after hearing his words, as given in John sixth chapter? Other questions followed and we talked until dinner was prepared. Would you be interested in the *menu*? A chicken, caught, plucked and boiled after we reached there, the largest and finest of sweet potatoes nicely browned, and a pan of baked beans almost as good as those we used to have at Stone Hall. I had carried over some bread and tea for which Mrs. Hawes seemed very grateful, as she had only coffee in the house. They raise the latter and burn and grind it themselves, but tea must be bought and is a rather expensive luxury.

At 4 I found it was growing cooler and left, feeling well repaid for all the fatigue and heat. There is a little store on this station kept by an Englishman, but I did not see him and, except for his house, the pastor's and a few belonging to the Christian natives at the station, there was not a sign of civilization all the way. The hills were dotted with huts. I counted fifteen in one enclosure meaning, probably, that the owner possessed fifteen wives, and a terrible sense of helplessness came over me as I realized the need of Christian workers here. (I did not come out as a missionary, girls, and have been able to do very little missionary work since I have been here, but I am sure no Christian, I was going to say no true Wellesley girl, could see such a sight without being inspired with a missionary spirit.)

A most gorgeous sunset illuminated the highland as I rode home revelling in two new orchids and in the memories of one of the most perfect views I have ever seen.

Vereham, Natal, South Africa.

Ebb Tide.

A. S. W. '90.

The tide is out, the shore so dark, so lone,
Lies bare, uncovered by the waves that erst
Lay on its breast, murmuring in gentle tone
Sad tales the moaning winds had whispered first.
In silence grieves the shore, her empty arms
Stretched sea-ward, whither all her joys have passed.
The waves sweep on, the sad shore hath no charms
With which to lure them back or hold them fast.
But wait thou patiently, O Shore, ere long
The God above, who knoweth all thy pain,
Will lead thy waters back, will fill with song
Thy world, and make thee free to rejoice again.

Life's tide was out. I stood upon the shore,
And sadly watched my joys sweep toward the sea,
And grieved that all the days that lay before
Would hold but barrenness and pain for me.
Christ spoke to me, I heard his voice full plain:
"Curst thou not watch one little hour with me?
This passed, I'll give thy treasures back again,
And floods of mercy shall sweep over thee."

My Soul's Chamber.

B. H.

In my soul's chamber there sits a pure white dove,
Wide open I fling the door, fan and clean it shows,
But in a far dark corner, a serpent with gleaming eyes
Peers out at me, then curls itself. "Come, serpent, come!"
I coax in vain, and careless close the door.
I go to my soul's chamber. I push the door ajar.
The snake grown huge, hides half the chamber floor,
And stares at me with round and fixed eyes. The trembling dove
Lies panting at my feet, appeals to me with mute and helpless look,
Pitying I glance around for human aid. While thus I seek, the door is shut.
I go to my soul's chamber. My ear is near the door.
No sound of life, of fluttering dove, nor yet of serpent's breath.
All still, so deathly still within. The door is sealed.
"The soul that smuteth, it shall die."

SCENES FROM THE FAERIE QUEEN

Book I. Canto X.

JOSEPH VIRGINIA SWEETSER, '90.

SCENE I.

In the distance "an ancient house," tall, substantial in appearance, and
firm upon its foundation.
"Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure
foundation."
A narrow path but little worn leads to its fast-locked door.
"Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be
which go in thereat. Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto
unto life, and few there be that find it."
Along the way are seen two travellers, a knight in battered armor
"feeble and too faint," wan and weary, walking with faltering steps, and a
lady tall and graceful, sweet and sad, clad in mantle of black, under which
gleams of white robes occasionally show.
A dusky light, growing more indistinct,
Far away faint, dreamy music.
They reach the door of the house and knock.
"Knock and it shall be opened unto you."
A porter opens the door and we see them pass in, the knight removing
his helmet and stooping low, "for straight and narrow was the way which
he did show."
A ray of light shines from the open door into the deepening shadows
without, and then vanishes again, and we hear the door close.

SCENE II.

Standing in a "spacious court" we see knight and lady; a guide gladly
leads them on into a hall where they are met by one "in comely sad attire,
but simple, true, and else unfeigned sweet," who conducts them to her, who
seems to be the "Lady of the place," a woman dignified and matronly.
Affectionately she greets the gentle lady and the pale knight. We see her
entertain them "with all the courtesies that she could devise." And the
light is bright and cheerful and the music is a low undertone of melody.
While we watch, we see two lovely maidens enter arm in arm, with mod-
est grace, and we know that they are the daughters of the gracious hostess.
Around the taller glows a halo of golden light, and the radiance seems to
stream from her lily-white robe and crystal face. She bears a cup of gold
in which we see the red glow of wine, wherein coils a writhing serpent.
In her other hand she holds a book signed and sealed with blood, and we
see our knight grow dazzled as he looks, and now the virgin is called
Faith, and that the book is the Testament, the New Covenant, sealed with
the blood of the Man of Nazareth.

The blue robe of the other holds our eyes by its celestial color, and the
silver anchor upon her arm tells us she is Hope, younger sister of Faith.
They greet the lady fair and she presents them to the wily knight. We
watch the intercourse so delightful, until the thoughtful hostess courteously
seals our knight and lady away to rest, and the picture fades, and the
music sinks into a soothing slumber song.

SCENE III.

Our knight refreshed, but still evidently not at ease, sits by the side of
the virgin with the white robes, and from "her sacred book with blood
ywrit" we see that she is teaching him. "Of God, of grace, of justice and
free-will" we know she speaks. But the face of the knight troubles us and
we feel that he has sinned, and he hides his countenance, and we know that
he wishes he were not. Music sad and low, but O, so tender, trembles
and vibrates, and we can almost hear:

"Just as I am and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come."

And then we see the maiden in the blue robe give him her silver
anchor, and it grows lighter in the room, and the knight's face brightens,
and the music rises and then sinks away.

SCENE IV.

Through a dim light we descry the knight. He sits alone, he wears
no armor, but sackcloth clothes him, and ashes are upon his head, and we
see that he is weak with fasting, and weary with praying, and an iron whip
is suspended over him, and fumes of darkness lit before him. We know
for all that Faith and Hope have done, he still is tormented in the bonds of
Doubt and Remorse. We hear his cry of anguish and his groans, but we
cannot help him and we weep, and there is no light and no music. But
even while we look we see that Repentance true helps him, and Patience
wise supports him in his struggles, and they lead him from the darkness to
his lovely lady. Quickly she brings him before a woman we have not
seen before, "a woman in her freshest age," whose "wondrous beauty"

and "rare bounty" charm us much, and we look with wonder upon her as
she sits in her ivory chair, in her yellow draperies and crown of gold. She
is Charity, the greatest of the sisters, without whose aid our knight could
avail not at all. We are conscious of a feeling of much relief, and we
watch with a thrill of gladness in our hearts while she instructs and leads
him through every way of love and righteousness. We see her hold him
fast, and remove all stumbling blocks from his way, as he walks with her.
He becomes stronger and a great peace is in his face, and the trouble is
gone, and the light is clear as crystal, and the music rises on the chords of
a pure strong harmony.

SCENE V.

"Thence forward by that painful way they pass
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy,
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a little Hermitage thereby.
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night said his devotion;
No other worldly business did apply;
His name was heavenly Contemplation,
Of God and goodnes was his meditation."
We now perceive before us a high hill which our knight climbs with
his loving guide.
"There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak, half dead."

We watch the group as they converse, and soon the old man leads the
knight to the top of the highest mount, and it seems as if we ascended
with him, and we look and behold "a little path, that was both steepe and
long," leads to a wondrous city in the distance. And the walls and towers
are builded high, and "The building of the wall of it is of jasper, and the
city is pure gold like unto clear glass. And the twelve gates are twelve
pearls, and the street of the city is pure gold." As the knight gazes, the
shining angels ascend and descend to and from the city, and we know that
he sees

"The new Jerusalem that God has built."
And we are joyful, for we feel that our knight will one day reach that city,
and we hear faintly the aged sire call him by a new name:
"Thou Saint George shalt called be
Saint George of merry England, the *signe of victorie*."
And now the music, though subdued, grows triumphant, and it
sounds like a Hallelujah, and the light waxes so bright that we can look
no more.

CRAMBO AT DANA HALL.

S. M. P.

In the attractive parlor of a well-known boarding-school (not unlike
the famous "Gummery" in its methods and manners) a group of four or
five merry girls with as many companionable teachers had gathered to pass
a pleasant evening together. It was the Easter vacation, and these girls
had not drifted out with the tide of homeward-bound pupils, because home
and friends were too far away to be easily reached in the short interval of
rest. One had come from India's sultry clime, another from our own
sunny South, while the eldest, a tall, slender girl, with her dark-eyed
companion, represented the stirring enterprise of the great West.

The principals and teachers of this home-like school were seldom too
busy or weary to enter with hearty sympathy into the joys and sorrows of
their young associates. Friendships ripened here between these girls and
their teachers, whose full fruition eternity alone can reveal. It was there-
fore nothing new or unusual to find them cordially uniting in fun and non-
sense as a welcome relief from the thorough and earnest work of the class-
room.

The light from the chandelier brought out with life-like effect the ani-
mated figures in an "Aurora" which hung above the upright piano-forte,
and made soft shadows in a distant corner where a handsome tortoise-
shell cat had curled herself for her evening nap within the folds of heavy
draperies which shaded the long window. Not even in her slumber did
Charybdis—"Crab" for short—lose that air of dignity and eminent respecta-
bility which pervaded all her movements, and which was peculiarly appro-
priate to a well-bred cat in an institution of learning. Caresses and atten-
tions, freely lavished upon her, were invariably received with a quiet com-
posure suited to her position.

The proposition to devote the evening to Crambo was received with
acclamation by those inclined to rhymes and jingles, and with groans by
the less poetical. Harmony, however, being an essential element of the
home atmosphere both in term-time and vacation, the minority meekly ac-
cepted paper and pencils, and a moment later golden heads, chestnut and
gray were bending with equal intentness over their tasks, while Don, a pet
collie, sagaciously watched his mistress's proceedings, thumping his tail
now and then by way of approval.

A question was written on one slip of paper, a noun on another, and
the papers dropped into separate boxes where they were well shuffled.
Then each player drew from the boxes and proceeded to answer her ques-
tion in rhyme, inserting, as best she could, the noun drawn. Subdued ex-
clamations of "Horrible!" with occasional chuckles from the struggling
rhymesters, gave rise to suspicions, fully confirmed later, that the mis-
chievous girls had conspired to produce absurd combinations, such as:
"Who went where?" with the noun "pumpkins;" or "What is the moon
made of?" with "molasses" for answer. Ten minutes being the limit
of time allowed, the results were not always of the most polished order,
and brought peals of laughter from the company.

One of strong mathematical proclivities was lucky, for she found a
natural relation existing between "goblin" and "Where do fairies dwell?"
and her rhythmical solution of the problem called forth murmurs of admi-
ration:—

In greenwood glades,
In mossy dells,
In woodland shades,
In leafy fells,
Where human foot hath never trod
Upon the green and grassy sod,—
There fairies dance
With spirits light,
And chase the goblins of the night.
Now would you prove my story true
The birds and leaves will tell it you.

In grotesque contrast a "Rhinceros" was met by the exasperating
question, "This being the case, what do you think of it?" and settled as
follows by one less familiar with rhyming than with the necessity for
adapting herself to emergencies:—

This being the case of a rhinceros,
You saucily ask me what think I of this?
Be it rhinceros or rhinoceros,
The matter presents itself principally thus;
Too mighty, too weighty, too clumsy for me,
And, therefore, I leave the great question to thee.

That festival of mystic nonsense, preceding All Saints' day, known as
"Hallowe'en," was always celebrated by these school-girls in some fashion
planned by themselves, the teachers so adjusting study hours as to leave
that evening free for festivities in which they heartily joined. A vote was
usually cast in favor of a masquerade at which strange characters in mar-
velous costumes appeared, whose dignity or grotesqueness, however, al-
ways yielded to the attractions of ice cream and cake generously supplied
by the principals. With the memory of such an occasion still fresh in the
mind of the little southern maiden, she found no difficulty in showing
"What makes Don bark on Hallowe'en?"

'Twas Hallowe'en, the night was dark,
The house was still, we heard Don bark
So long and loud he barked and growled,
We thought a tramp had somehow prowled
About the house,—but no, indeed!
No man was there, we all agreed,
And so we think 'tis no vain boast;
Don must have looked upon a ghost;
Nor was it strange on Hallowe'en
When such weird things are heard and seen,
And now what makes him bark the most,
Must be the memory of that ghost!

The historical question, "What were the names of the wives of Henry
VIII?" with the word "King," fell to a teacher whose reputation in Greek
and Latin class-rooms was equalled by her irrepressible love of punning:—

Now shame on the King
Of whom chronicles tell,
He wedded with ring,
He wedded with bell,
Anne and Jane
And a luckless ladye—
Wofully plain—
From over the sea,
And Katherine three:
Mis—er—y me!
If I had been one
How I'd have run!
For after the wedding
Instead of a ball
There came a beheading
That ended them all
Now these are the facts
Learned from merry King Harry,
Peasants well whom they "tax,"
Kings as whom they marry.

And with this triumphant solution, worthy of Theodore Hook,—who
would, to be sure, have made a splendid record at Crambo,—we may
leave the merry party.—*Springfield Republican*.

To the Son and Heir of a Lady Professor of
Mathematics.

MARY RUSSELL BAILETT, '79.

Others will write the mother, maybe,
But, bless him! I'll address the baby.

Hail, tiny wanderer from the realms of zero,
Ope your black eyes!
(I trust they're black—they should be.)
There's a question or two
I would ask of you,

Concerning what you are, or could or would be,
Of course, like all your kind, you're from the skies.
Take care! don't cry, but be a little hero!
"If you have tears, don't now prepare to shed them."
I quote the words as once your mother said them
When, gathering to a grim examination,
We shivered at a mystical equation.

But bless his heart, he'd no idea of crying!
He merely thought it high time to be trying
How like his precious mother he could scowl.
The darling! when he wasn't cross a bit,
And now he's grave and wise as any owl.
This future paragon of worth and wit.

Unknown exponent of unproven powers,
With the increasing series of the hours,
Under the temance of our old adviser,
Shall Fate, incredulous, find you growing rarer,
To claim, beyond her strength to thwart or bless,
In your own right the zenith of success?

Tell me, my wee, incipient professor,
Who crossing o'er an infinite boundary line
Transformed your negative to positive sign
(You'll let me speak just as I please, you dear,
You haven't learned the metres they use here,)
What unconfirmed hypothesis,
What riddle hard for mortal goesses
From that unmeasured world to this
Did you, unconscious, bring
For time's unravelling?

You're silent, but 'tis plainly writ
Within your mother's eyes,
In lines of light and hope,
"A man may not be less in scope
Of intellect and soul—nor less in height
Of reason or imaginatious rise,
(Albeit at first a little lower made)
Than any angel in the Courts of Light."
Come, Highest Mathematics, to her aid,
And help her prove it through the coming years,
Despite their differential hopes and fears,
To write at last upon thy manhood's brow
Quod erat demonstrandum, as I see it, dreaming, now.

—*Boston Transcript*.

Intercollegiate News.

The students at Lehigh have decided to wear the cap and gown regu-
larly on Sundays.

The president of Pekin University, China, is translating Shakespeare's
works into Chinese.

At the University of Berlin 100 students were suspended for insuffi-
cient attention to study.—*E.V.*

Cornell etiquette requires that no lady recognize a gentleman acquain-
tance on the University grounds.

Amherst, Syracuse and De Pany have organized college senates. At
De Pany it has taken the place of the literary societies.

A young lady who attended Lenten services in Poughkeepsie recently,
found upon reaching the church that she had a copy of Matthew Arnold
instead of her prayer-book.—*Lavine Miscellany*.

Hanover Freshmen recently asked for shorter lessons. Not succeed-
ing, they bolted classes. Each member was then notified that he must
apologize to the president or be suspended. '92 declared that they would
not apologize, and the other classes stood by them. The Faculty gave in
and the Freshmen went back to shorter lessons.

The leading co-educational institutions in the United States are Cor-
nell, Oberlin, Swarthmore and the Universities of Wisconsin and Minne-
sota. It is a fact worth considering that these are among the most pros-
perous institutions in the country. The methods prevailing at these insti-
tutions are entirely different from those of the "annex" system of Harvard
and Columbia.—*E.V.*

The March *Collegian* is the best number yet published. The variety
of its contents is wide enough to satisfy every taste, and each article is dis-
tinctively good. "Short Stories and Magazines" contains useful hints for
young people of a literary turn, and Mr. Mable's article on "The Small
College" is full of common sense. "Julianus Sabinus," a poem from
Yale, and "A Deceit of the Devil," a well-written witchcraft story from
Williams, are especially good pieces of undergraduate work. The *Colle-
gian* promises to be a necessity to every lover of college life.

THE COURANT.

COLLEGE EDITION.

Terms for the College Year, - - - \$1.50.

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ANGIE PECK, '90.

Publisher.

CHAS. D. HOWARD, NATICK, MASS.

Yearly subscriptions for the COURANT may be sent to Miss Tufts at Dana Hall Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodloe, Room 18, Wellesley College.

The Wide, Wide World.

April 20.—Southwestern Ireland nearly depopulated by emigration. Boulangist trial in progress. The Umbria makes a fast trip. Constitutional amendment defeated in Massachusetts.

April 21.—1200 immigrants arrive in Boston. 3293 steerage passengers land at Castle Garden. Serious riots at Minneapolis.

April 22.—50,000 people ready to take possession of Oklahoma. The Globe Refining Co. to fight the Standard Oil Co. Probability that the Panama Canal will soon be abandoned.

April 23.—Slight shock of earthquake at Cairo. France suspends commercial treaty negotiations with Italy. Passengers of the Denmark rescued. 30,000 settlers enter Oklahoma.

April 24.—Boulanger leaves Belgium. Revival of trade in England. Unfavorable reports of Oklahoma.

April 25.—Insanity of the Austrian Empress. Prince Ferdinand declared heir to the Roumanian throne. Exodus from Oklahoma of discontented settlers. The Weldon Extradition bill will probably pass the Canadian Senate.

April 26.—Railway extension in China. Anti-Jesuit meetings in Montreal, and conference of Canadian Protestant clergymen. New York to have four holidays next week.

The place of college poetry is unique in English literature. The college press furnishes an outlet for the rhythmic fancies of many a youth who is unconscious of having been either born or made a poet, and from the contributors to our college papers have come some of the brightest writers of the day. Of course, much of the verse appearing in the college journals contains little rhyme and less reason, but it is seldom, if ever, dull, generally bright and witty, and often brilliant.—*Mail and Express.*

Daniels & Twitchell

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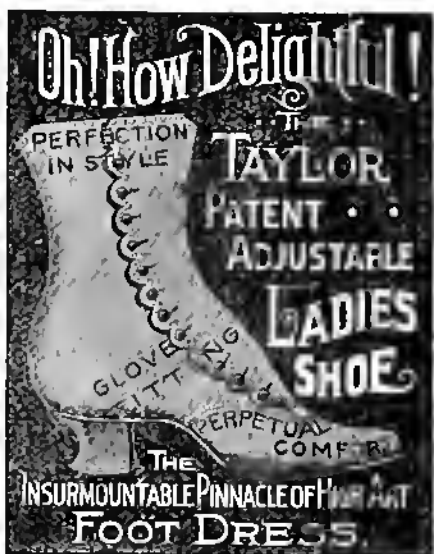
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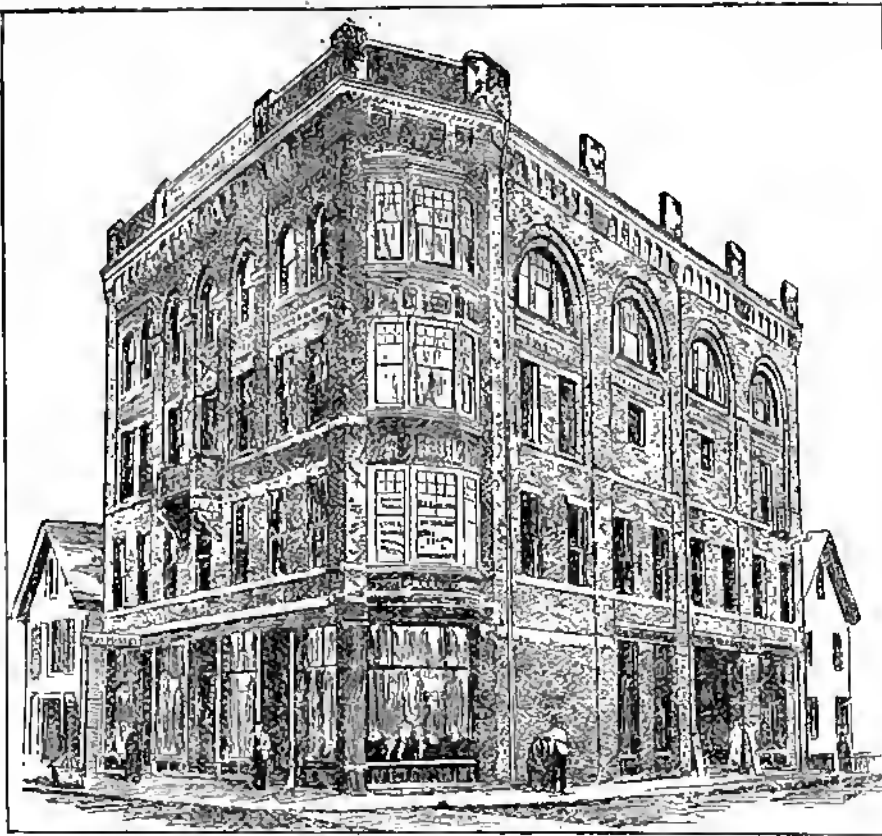


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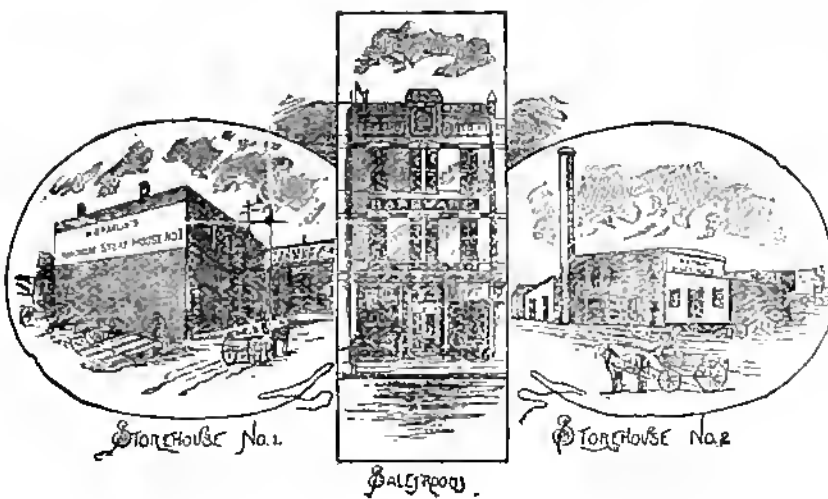
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F. N. Oxley's Drug Store, Ashland, Mass.



APRIL 25, 1889.

I have a large lot of Garden Seeds, bought direct of the Grower, who says:

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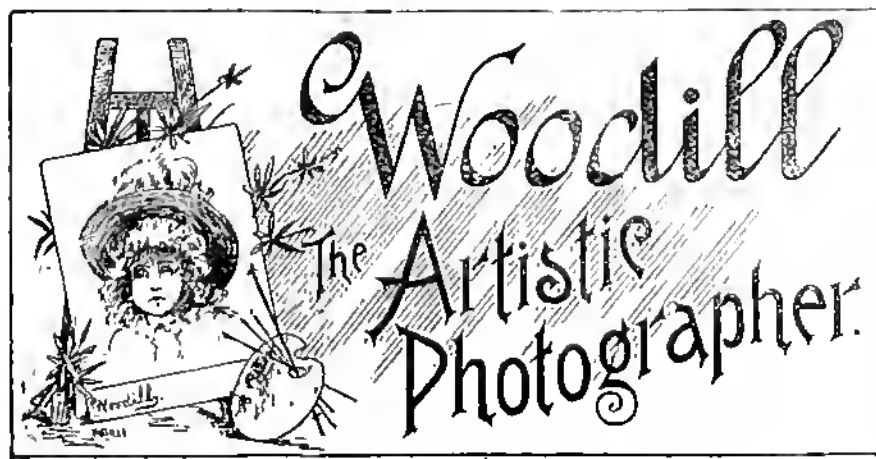
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